

*To myself: What is missing here? Cannot recall*  
*League of Women Voters!*  
*some*  
For many years I had been a member of the board of directors.  
*of the Voteless District of Columbia*  
I had worked in both fields of my interest. I lectured and debated with the National Womens Party who were sponsoring the Equal Rights amendment which would, at least in those days, have wiped off the books all the special legislation for the protection of women for which we had fought for so many years; I worked also in the interest of the *city of citizens* of Washington. *Taxation without Representation was our slogan.* I headed a committee to make a study of the finances in the District of Columbia, what taxes were collected and ~~how~~, how the money was spent at the dictates of the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States; I argued and fought both in the District of Columbia and in the National Convention (biennial) conventions of the National League of Women Voters for national support of the prime needs of the *voteless* District of Columbia.

*James*  
Therefore, on the day of the inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt, I took our nine year old daughter with me to a special vantage point at the corner of Fifteenth Street and *at the corner opposite* Pennsylvania Avenue across from the main Treasury building *which point was* and a left hand turn upon the inaugural parade route. My purpose, *in* being there was ~~to~~ to distribute literature to all passers-by or droppers-in to the office, which the League of Women Voters *to distribute District of Columbia propaganda* had rented for just that purpose. I remember my daughter very well, always a gracious and friendly child, she was an ardent worker that day in passing out the leaflets and literature and thus she herself in a sense was in the mainstream of the inaugural parade. I recall that nearing the time when the parade had turned right on Fifteenth Street and was proceeding *n* forth, that I had taken her by the hand and crossed Fifteenth Street and proceeded to the building on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue directly facing the parade as it would pass at that point *in front of the Treasury Building. My office was at that* within a block of the White House. I took the child to an upper floor where there was a narrow terrace with a brick wall around two

*time - 10 -  
called in  
that named  
to the trees  
building*



sides of the building; ~~and outside the windows~~ we climbed through a window; ~~and from this upper floor~~ she was, with my help, able to elevate herself sufficiently over the brick balustrade to view @ at very close range the entire inaugural parade. She was then satisfied; she had seen an inaugural parade. ~~Four years before~~, at the inauguration of <sup>Herbert</sup> Hoover, I had bought tickets for the grandstand in front of the Treasury Department in the same block where she was looking out from an upper floor of a building and my son, my mother-in-law, and I had sat through a drenching rain continuing for hours before the Hoover inaugural parade had reached that point. Therefore, both children felt that Mother had now done her duty, each had viewed an inaugural parade from one of the finest vantage points along the entire route. I remember that it took my fur coat many weeks to dry after the experience of sitting through the drenching rain of that day, March, 1928. Since the Washington weather was always unpredictable and likely to be as bad or worse in March than in January, the decision was made later to move the inauguration back to January. Of course, the great length of time between the election and the inauguration had <sup>been necessary</sup> begun in colonial days because of the great length of time it took the President elect and other <sup>people</sup> ~~people~~ to travel ~~the distance~~ necessary in those days. With modern transport, the need for such a length of time had long since disappeared. Now-a-days, of course, in the electronic age, thousands of people <sup>not only see but hear</sup> attend the inauguration ceremony; <sup>are</sup> with chairs placed on the Capital steps for the VIP's and on the surrounding grounds facing the steps for the lesser members of the public; <sup>all</sup> ~~who~~, even though it be a January day, go equipped with such preparations as if they were going to a football game in the late fall. Although for many years now, our home has been on Capital Hill within two ~~blocks~~ blocks of the Capital.

Handwritten notes on the left margin: "I think it was 1928" and "see page 78".